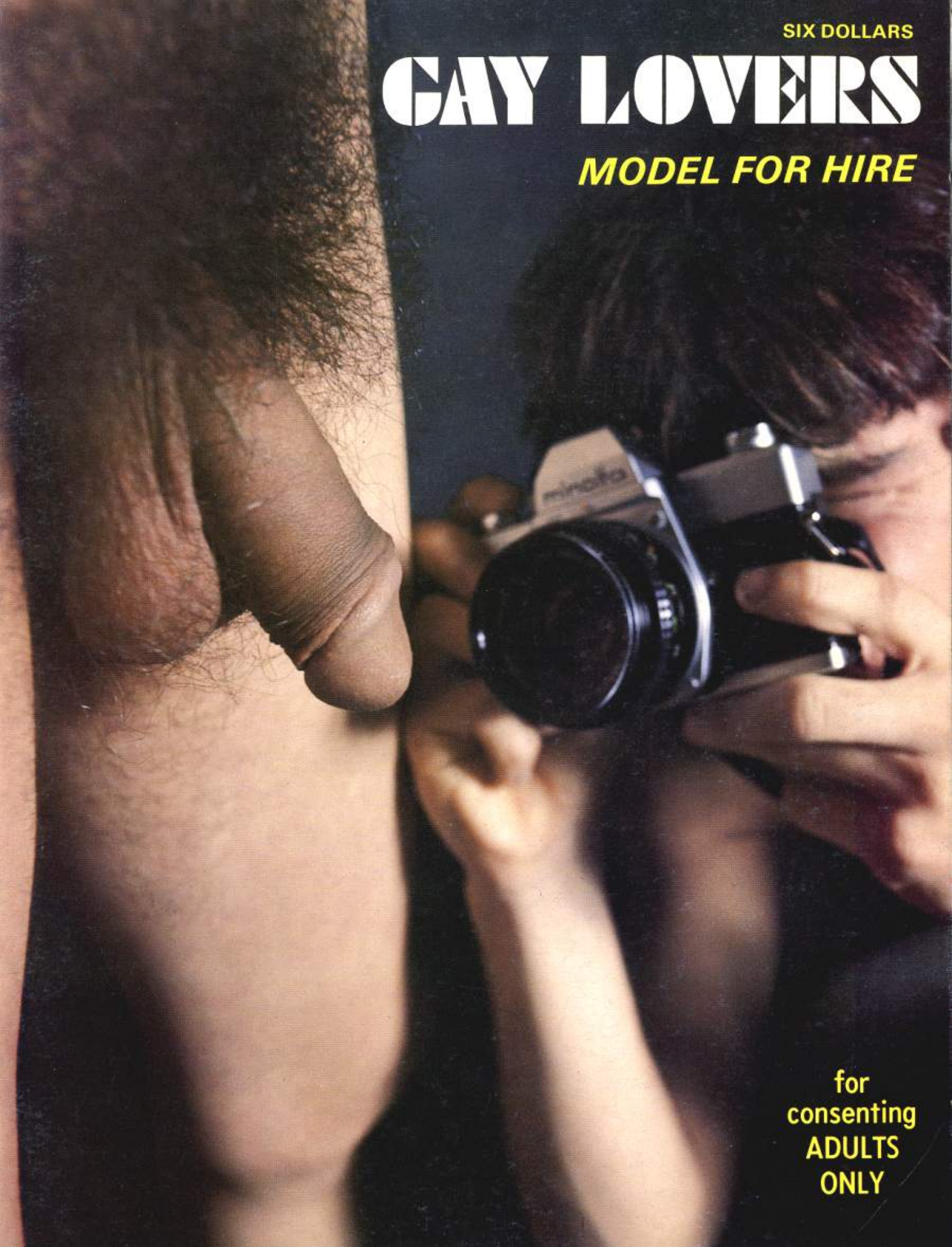
SIX DOLLARS
GAY LOVERS
MODEL FOR HIRE
for
consenting
ADULTS
ONLY

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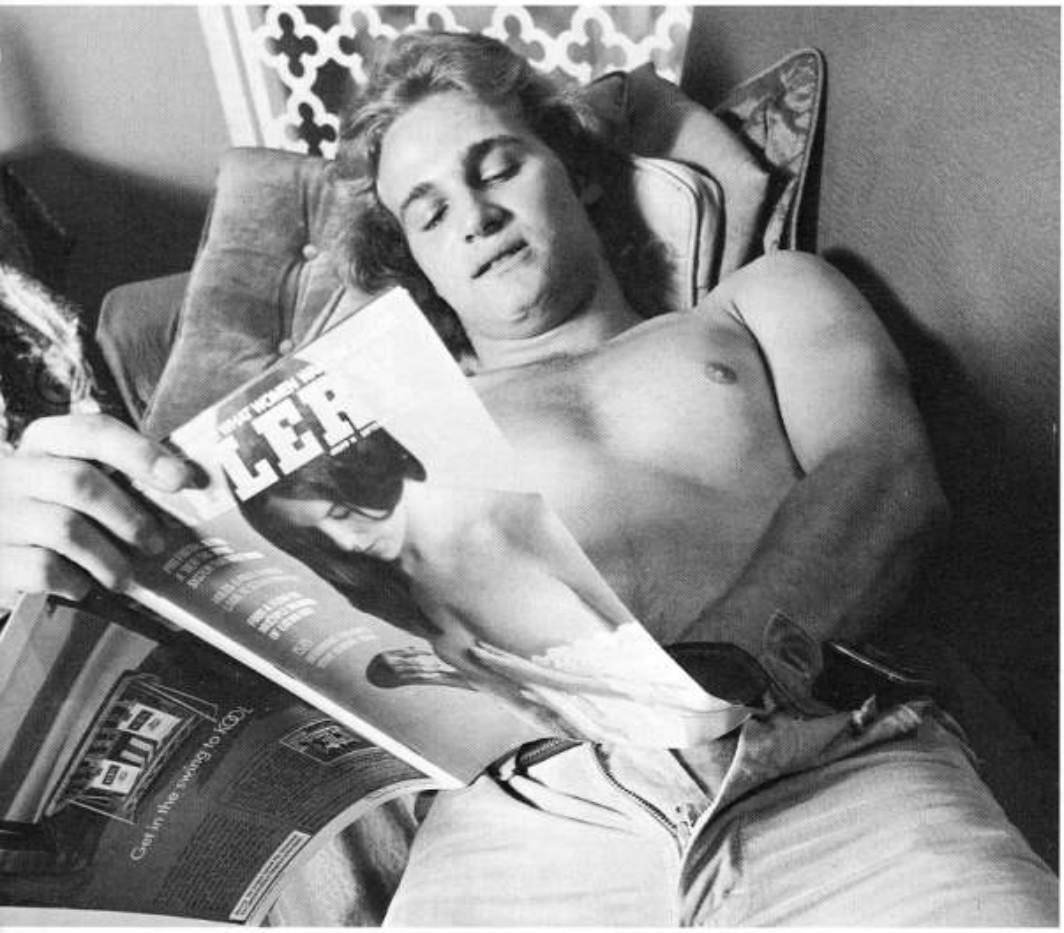
GAY LOVERS



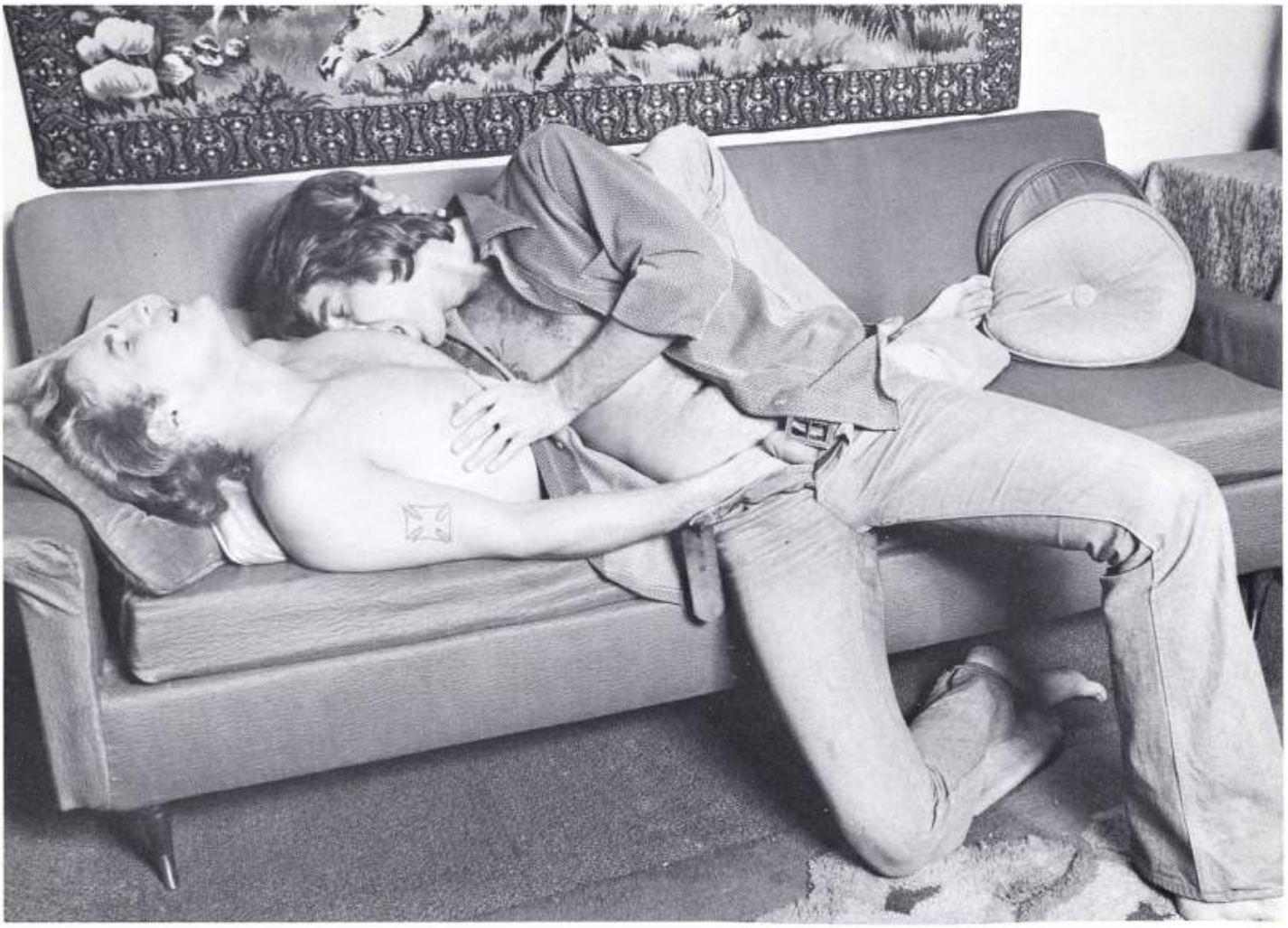
I guess sometimes people just drift into a lover relationship without any warning or planning, as if it was just meant to be. I know that when Bob and I first moved in together, the possibility of our becoming personally involved with each other was the last thing on our minds.

We were both into enjoying our youth and freedom and the last thing we wanted was to get tied down in a relationship. On top of that, when we first met, neither of us knew that the other was gay. I saw a note on the bulletin board at the laundromat in the beach town where we live saying that a roommate was wanted and to call a phone number and ask for Bob. I needed a place to stay right then since my apartment building was going to be torn down so I called.

I went over to look at the place the next day and to meet Bob for the first time. Since our town isn't noted for having much of a gay population, it didn't occur to either of us that the other might be gay. I just knew that I had to find a place quickly and Bob needed someone to share the rent on the apartment.

After we talked for awhile we both decided that we could get along living together and decided to give it a try. Neither of us mentioned sex and I guess we both just assumed that the other was straight. It wouldn't be the first time that I had lived with a nongay so I didn't foresee any problems and I guess Bob felt the same way.

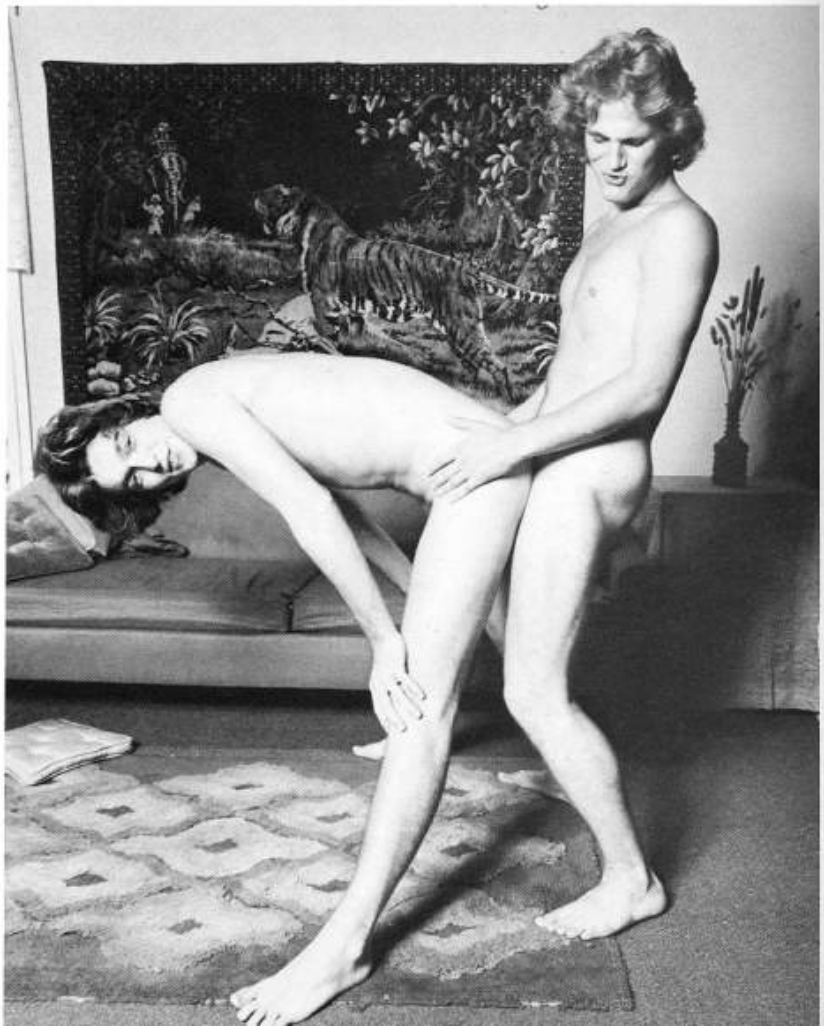
I moved in that weekend and pretty soon we both seemed to be adjusting well to living together. Bob acts so straight most of the time and I guess I do too, that we still had no idea about each other. Bob had told me he was kind of a loner, so I didn't think anything about the fact that hardly anyone ever came to the apartment to visit. As a matter of fact I liked that.



I had only been on the coast for a few months and hadn't really made any friends yet, except for an occasional trick, and of course I never took anyone back to the apartment after I moved in with Bob. I didn't want to freak him out or cause any bad vibes.

We must have been living together about a month when one day I thought I was alone in the apartment. I was feeling pretty horny that day and as I was flipping through a magazine I came across some pictures of a guy who really got to me. I started to get a hard-on just looking at this guy's pictures and, letting nature take its course, pretty soon I was groping myself while daydreaming about getting it on with the model.

I was so wrapped up in my own little fantasy world that I didn't even hear the door open. All of a sudden I looked up and there was Bob standing by the



sofa, looking down at me with this funny expression on his face, his eyes traveling from me to the magazine I had dropped beside me on the sofa.

I was so surprised and, I guess, embarrassed, that I didn't know what to do or say. Before I could stammer out an explanation, Bob sat down on the sofa next to me, leaned over and kissed me! And without even thinking about what was happening, I kissed him back. All of a sudden it just seemed like the most natural thing in the world to be in Bob's arms with our lips and tongues mashed together.

Finally that first kiss ended and we both realized what had happened. I guess we were both a little confused and surprised because we both started talking at once, jabbering about how neither of us realized anything about the other and that maybe it shouldn't have happened.

Then we both started to giggle and decided that we might as well finish what had gotten off to such a good start. We both just melted back into each other's arms and started kissing again. Before I knew it we were both half undressed and on the floor in front of the sofa, our hands and lips exploring our bodies and liking what we found.

Although we're different physical types, we both have good bodies and neither of us hesitated to let the other know how much we admired what we found. I was already hot from my fantasy with the magazine, and Bob didn't take any time to catch up. Our passion just kept building and building until we were totally consumed with each other.

Our hands and lips were roaming all over our bodies, squeezing muscles, kissing tender spots, sucking nipples, groping cocks, as if we had been

together that way many times before.

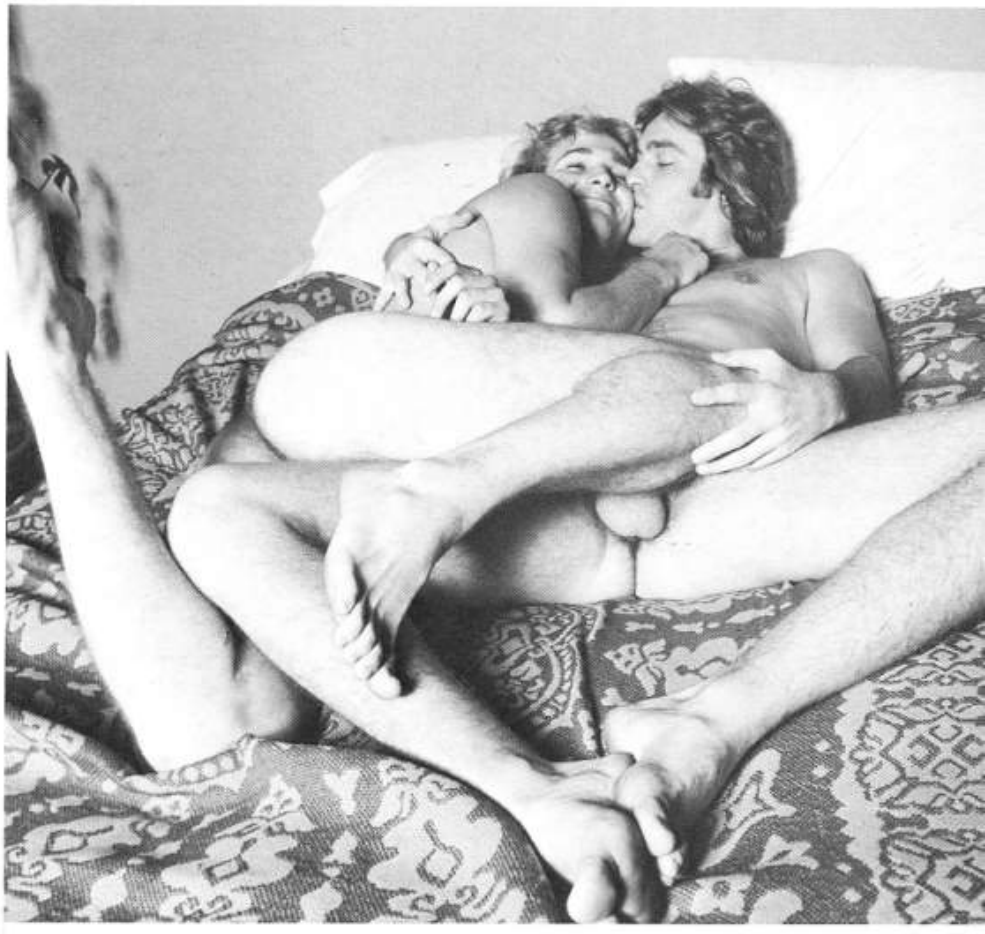
It was if we both just fit together perfectly. It felt so damn good to have his arms holding me, his lips kissing me, his hard body pressed close to mine.

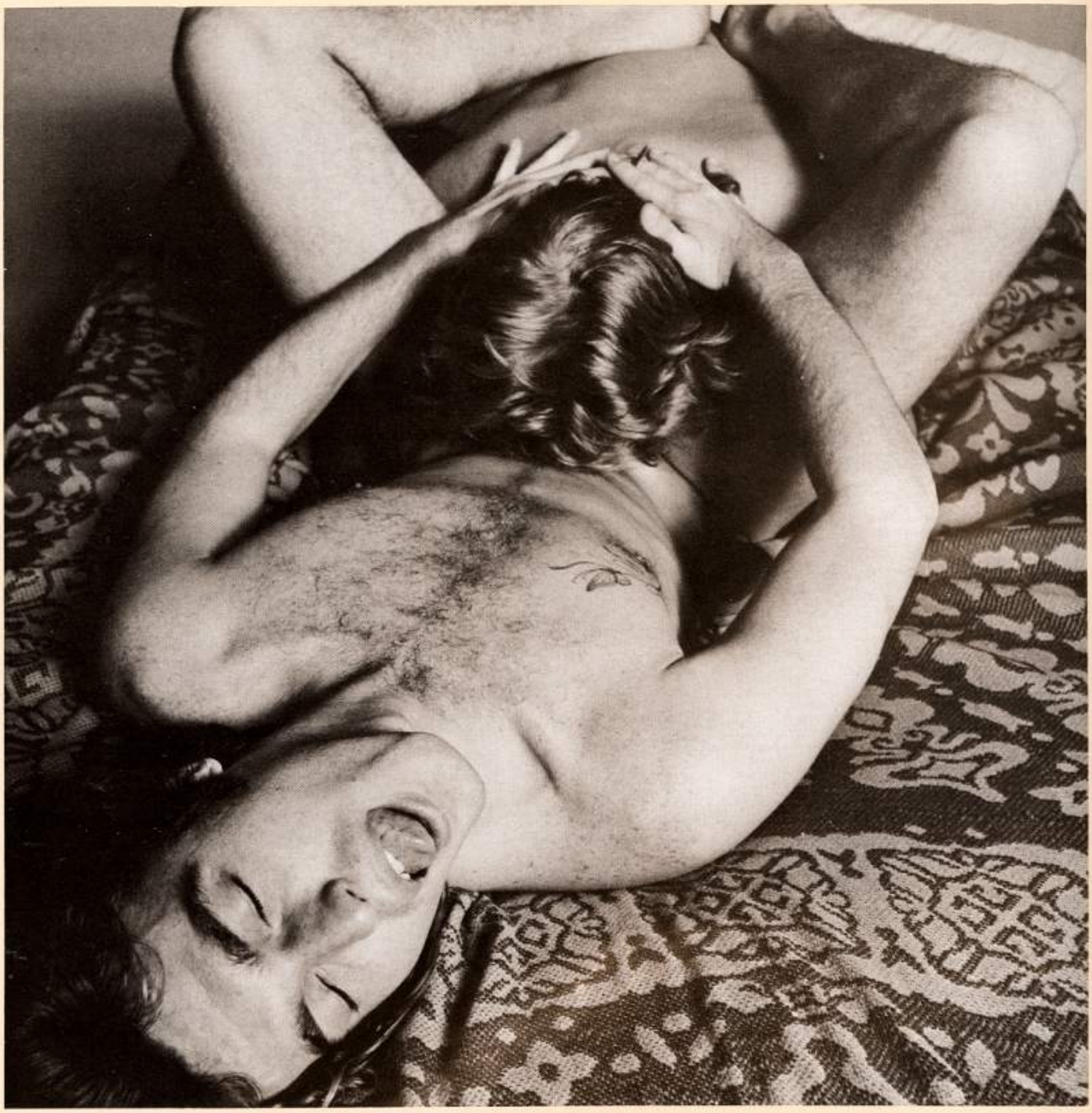
We finally decided that if we were going to continue we might as well do it in the comfort of a bed, so we both got up and raced for the nearest bedroom.

By then we were both totally undressed so it was just a matter of falling onto the bed and back into each other's arms. Bob's hungry mouth started traveling all over my body again, with my cock its obvious goal. When his velvet lips and tongue finally reached the tip of my cock it was like coming home again after a long time. It felt so good and natural when his mouth engulfed me, sliding down to the base, his tongue doing wonderful things to the head and shaft as his head bobbed up and down.

All I wanted then was for the moment to continue forever and to give him as much pleasure as he was giving me. I twisted around on the bed until my mouth could reach his straining, rock hard prick. I slid my tongue up and down the hard shaft, then went down further and pulled first one then the other of his big balls into my hungry mouth.

I feasted on those for awhile, before returning to his swollen shaft and swallowing it all the way down my throat. His muffled cries of ecstasy told me that I was giving him the same pleasure that his mouth was giving me.





One part of my mind couldn't believe what was happening while the other couldn't get enough of his sex, his body. I guess the total surprise for both of us was complete. Before either of us realized what was happening, we were both boiling over, our cum filling our mouths faster than we could swallow it.

When we finally stopped spurting into each other we still wanted more. And we were both ready. Neither of us even went limp. It seemed as if we were so perfectly matched that we'd never have limp cocks again. All we had to do was look at each other with a kind of wonder in our eyes and we were both ready for more.

I knew what I was ready for, too. And so did Bob. Without a word spoken, I pulled him on top of me and spread my legs. He lifted them easily onto his shoulders and his cock, still wet with my spit and his cum, slid so easily into my ass that I remember wondering why I had ever needed a lubricant.

The deeper he penetrated, the better it felt. I found myself wishing that his cock could continue to grow so that he would never come to the end of it, so that I would be filled completely with his hard meat. But of course that was one wish that couldn't be granted and soon his balls were tightly pressed against my upturned ass cheeks.

When he started to stroke into me, each move brought greater pleasure. We fit together so perfectly it was as if we had been constructed for each

other's pleasure. My sphincter muscles were gripping his shaft so tightly that at times it was almost difficult for him to move. But not too difficult. That was obvious by the smile of happiness on his face that was easily matched by my own.

We didn't need to say a word to each other. We both knew exactly what to do and we had only to look into each other's eyes to realize the happiness we were affording ourselves.

I knew too, by the way he felt and his quickened strokes when he was about to come. I didn't want it to happen so soon—I didn't want it ever to end—but I realized that it was inevitable. And it wasn't an ending. We both realized that.

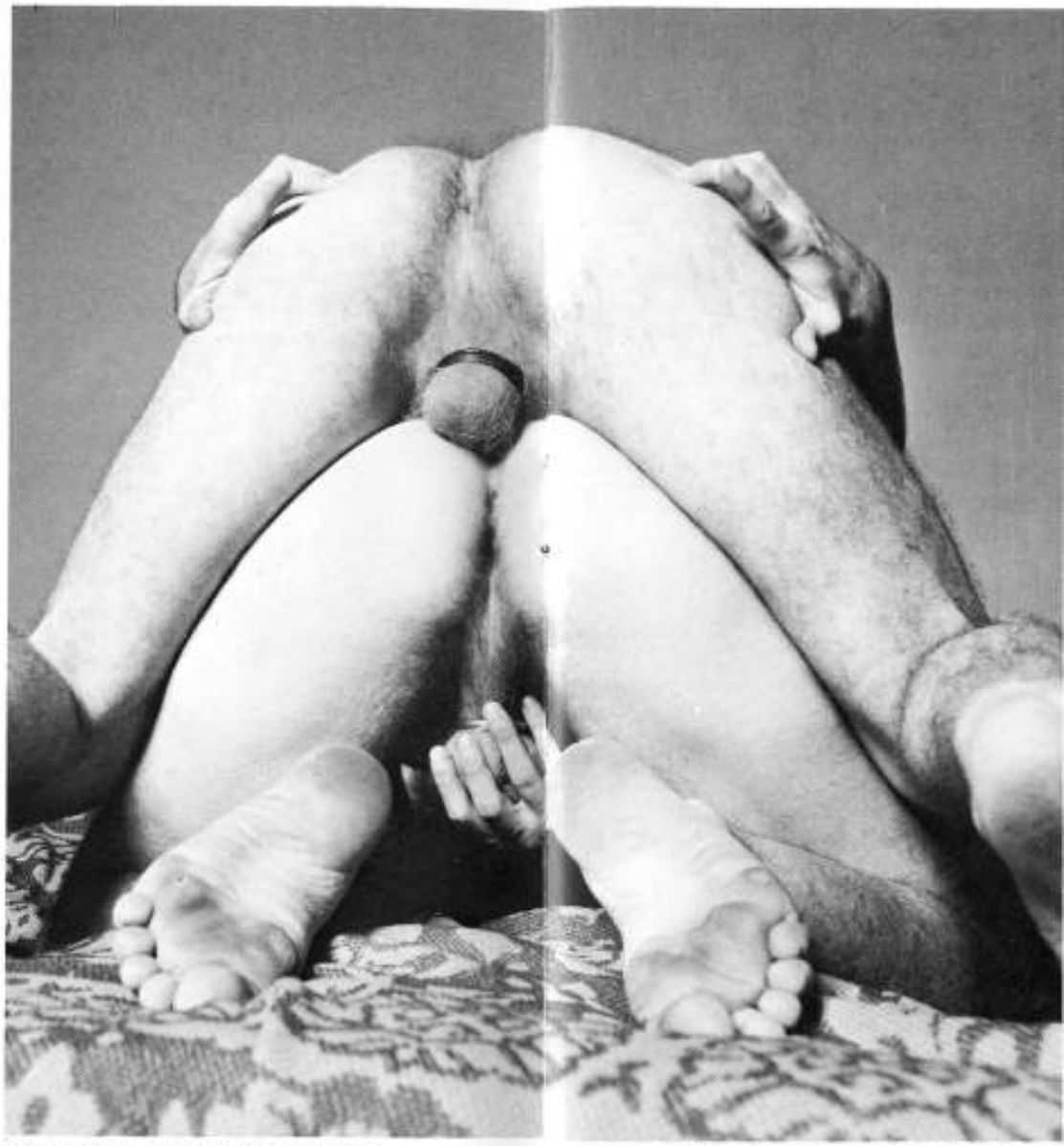
His strokes started to move faster and faster. His body was slamming into mine with more and more force. I could see his eyes start to glaze over and roll back in his head as if he were

fainting, and then that now familiar gutteral moan came pouring from deep in his throat and I could feel the warmth of his cream coating my insides.

We fell asleep that way, with his cock still pulsating inside me, our bodies locked together, our faces side by side.

When we awoke, the first thing I missed was the feeling of completeness I had felt when Bob was buried in me. But it was quickly being replaced by a new sensation. I opened my eyes and saw him kneeling over me, his hand guiding my cock between his ass cheeks, sinking slowly into the hot, silken channel that was the only area of his body I still hadn't explored.

Bob slowly lowered his body onto mine, his ass accepting my hard prick, his cock and balls coming to rest on my stomach. As he began to slowly rise and fall over my cock, I reached



down and gently stroked his distended rod, reveling in the feel of it in my hand as my dick traveled further and further inside his ass.

I couldn't imagine a better way to wake up. His beautiful body over me, his smiling face ecstatic with the sensations I was producing in him, my male staff penetrating his tight ass.

There was love in both our eyes as we gazed at each other. But neither of us spoke. It wasn't really necessary. We knew how the other felt just by the look in our eyes.

His body was moving faster and faster as he rose and fell above me and my hand on his hot dick matched the pace he set. We knew that once more we would reach the heights together and we did. Wave after wave of ecstasy broke over us as our cum spurted once again onto and into each other.

When it had subsided, Bob carefully lifted off of me and lowered himself onto the bed next to me. We turned and looked into each other's eyes and finally we spoke, in unison. I love you."

That was all we said then, all we needed to say. We both knew that we may have started the day as roommates, but we were ending it as lovers.

That was over five years ago. We've both gone through a lot of changes since then, but one thing has remained constant. Our love for each other. That is one thing that will never change. Neither of us would ever want it to. You just can't improve on perfection.

I give thanks every day that we're together. And I never will forget the day I wandered into that little laundromat and found that note on the board. It was the luckiest day of my life.

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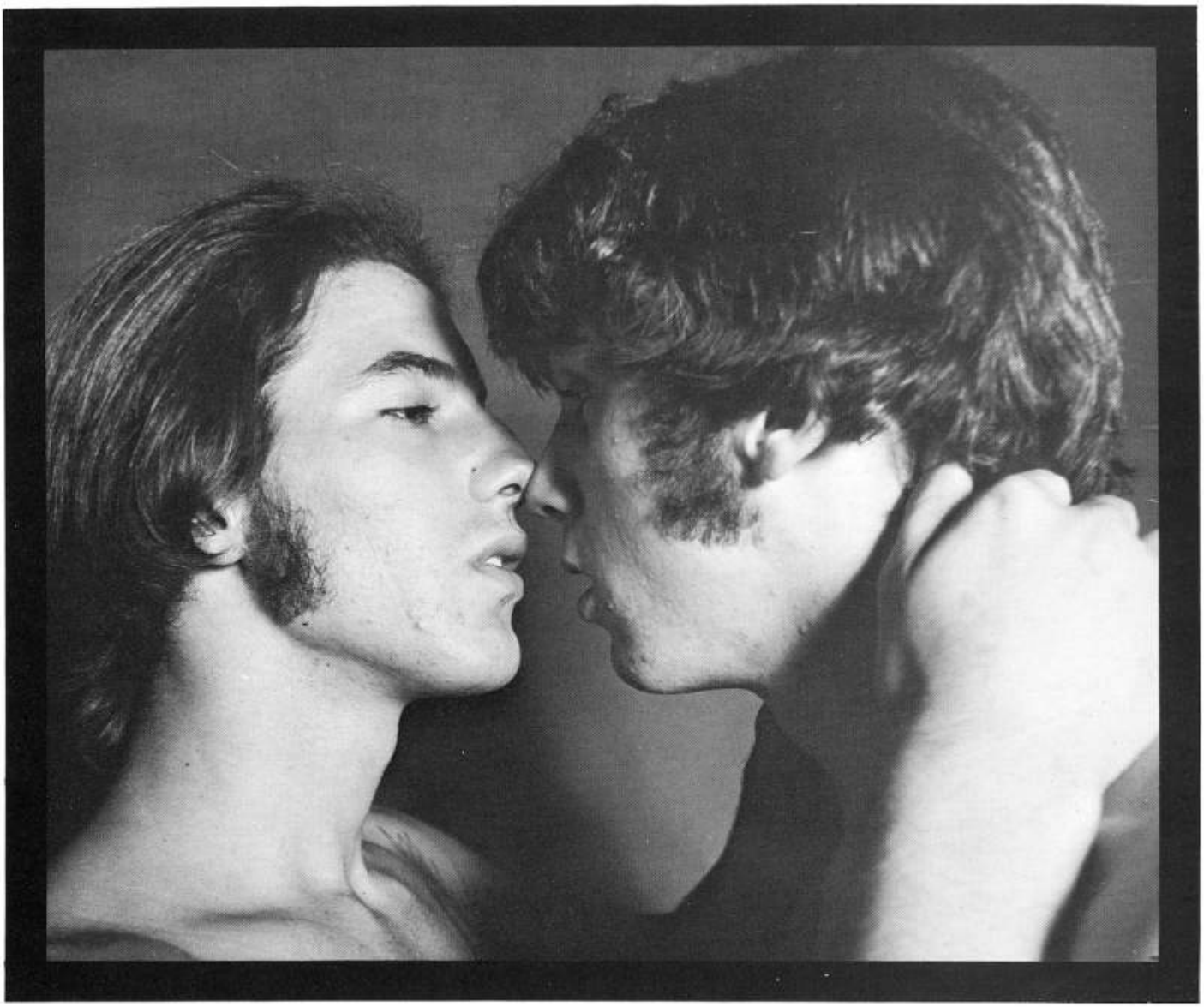


MODEL FOR HIRE

I'm sure you've all seen those ads for models in the gay papers by now. You know the ones I'm talking about. They read something like "Well end, gdlkg, hunky model, 5'9", 155, blue eyes & smooth; nice guy also. Will model nude your place or mine. For a very personable session call . . ." or "Young Athletic Model available for your pleasure. Satisfaction guaranteed, any scene."

Recently some of these guys have started taking out large ads with their pictures printed along with the ad. I'd always been curious about what really went on with these guys but it took me a long time to find out for myself. I probably never would have done it if this guy hadn't run one of those ads with his picture. Naturally it didn't show everything he had to offer, but there was enough for me to be pretty sure that this was the guy I wanted to "pose" for me.

I called the number listed in the ad and it was answered by just the kind of deep, masculine voice you would have expected him to have from his picture.

These guys play it pretty cool over the phone. Very businesslike because I guess they never know if it's the cops on the other end of the line. Anyway, we talked for a few minutes and set up an appointment at my buddy's studio.

I guess I should explain that I really don't know anything about photography. But I have a good friend who's really a top camera man. I had explained to him what I had in mind and he agreed to let me use his studio, even lent me one of his cameras to use, although he didn't bother putting any film in it.

There was one part of our deal I wasn't too sure about at first. John wanted to hide in the studio and take pictures of the two of us without the model knowing that he was there. He finally talked me into it and I agreed that it would be fun to have photo-

USA

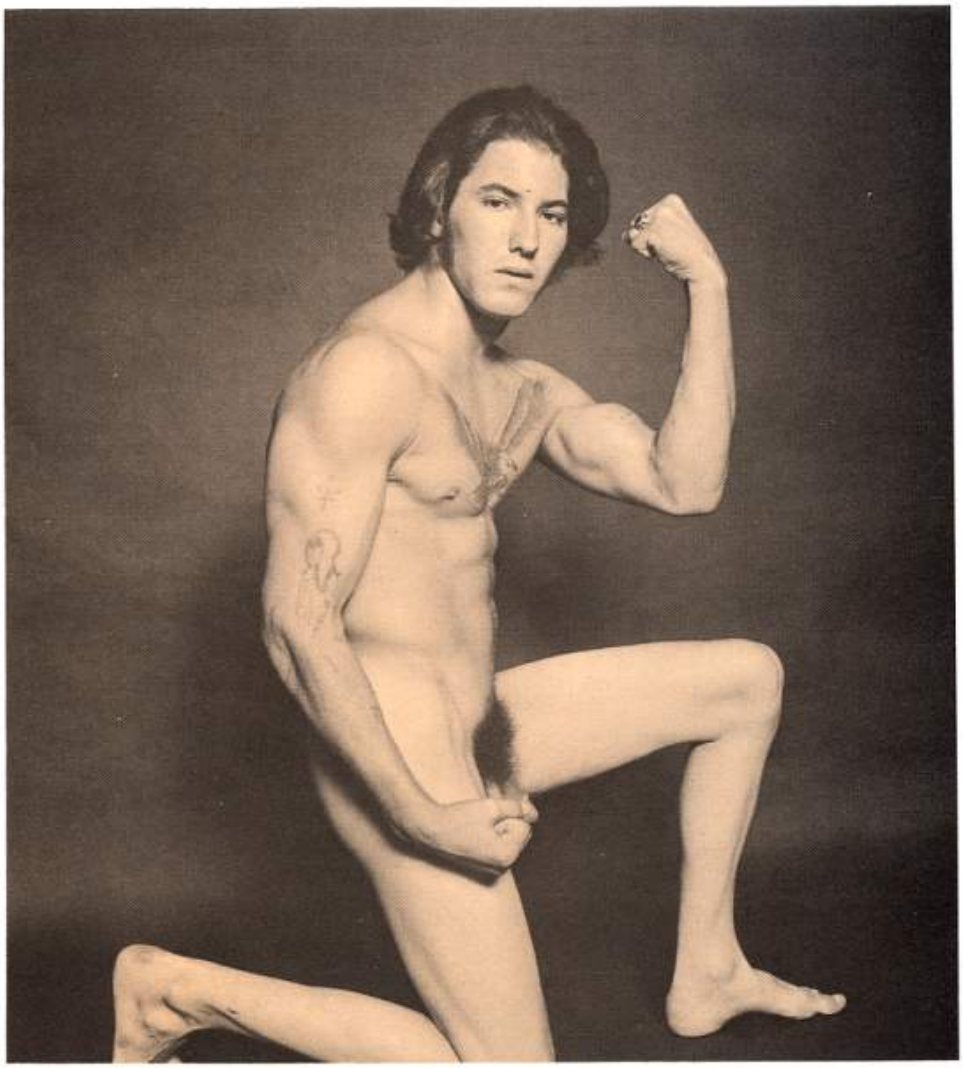
graphic record of my first session with a model.

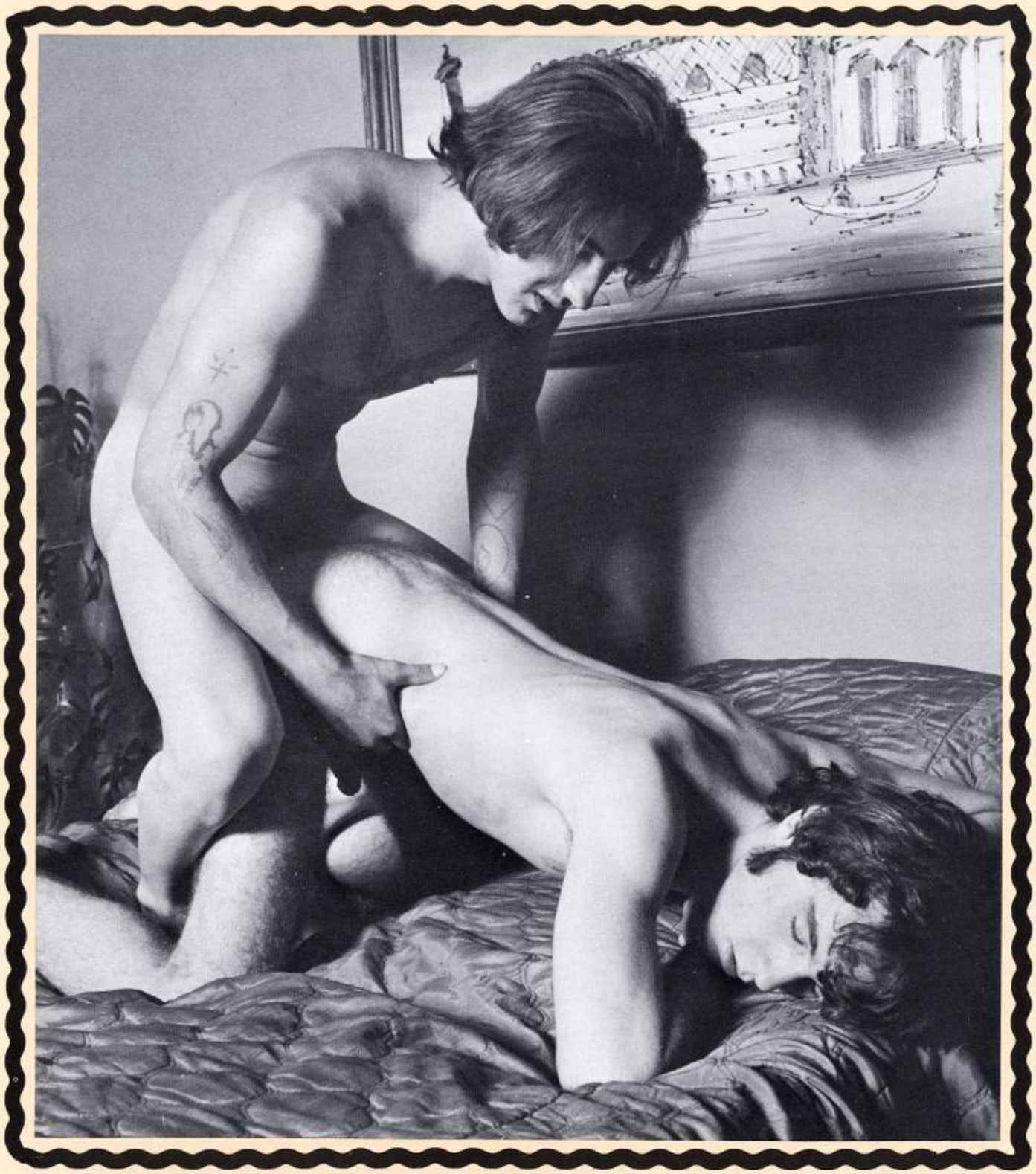
I wasn't really sure if the guy would do anything more than pose for pictures, but John assured me that all of the models who advertise in the gay papers are really hustlers who expect to ball for their pay.

I should describe John's set up. He has a big place with all kinds of furniture and props that he uses for different assignments. He can make the studio look like a living room or a bedroom or practically any kind of scene he needs, in addition to big rolls of seamless paper in all different colors that he pulls down from the ceiling for plain backdrops.

So, once I made the appointment with the model, we set the studio up with a bedroom set in one part of the room and pulled down a roll of seamless in another part. If everything went according to plan I'd fake taking pictures of the guy, then lure him into the bedroom set for the main part of the scene, while John hid behind a fake partition and took the real pictures.

I was still nervous when the time finally arrived for the model to show up and of course he was late getting there so I was even more nervous. I was certain he'd figured out somehow what we were really up to and wasn't going to show.





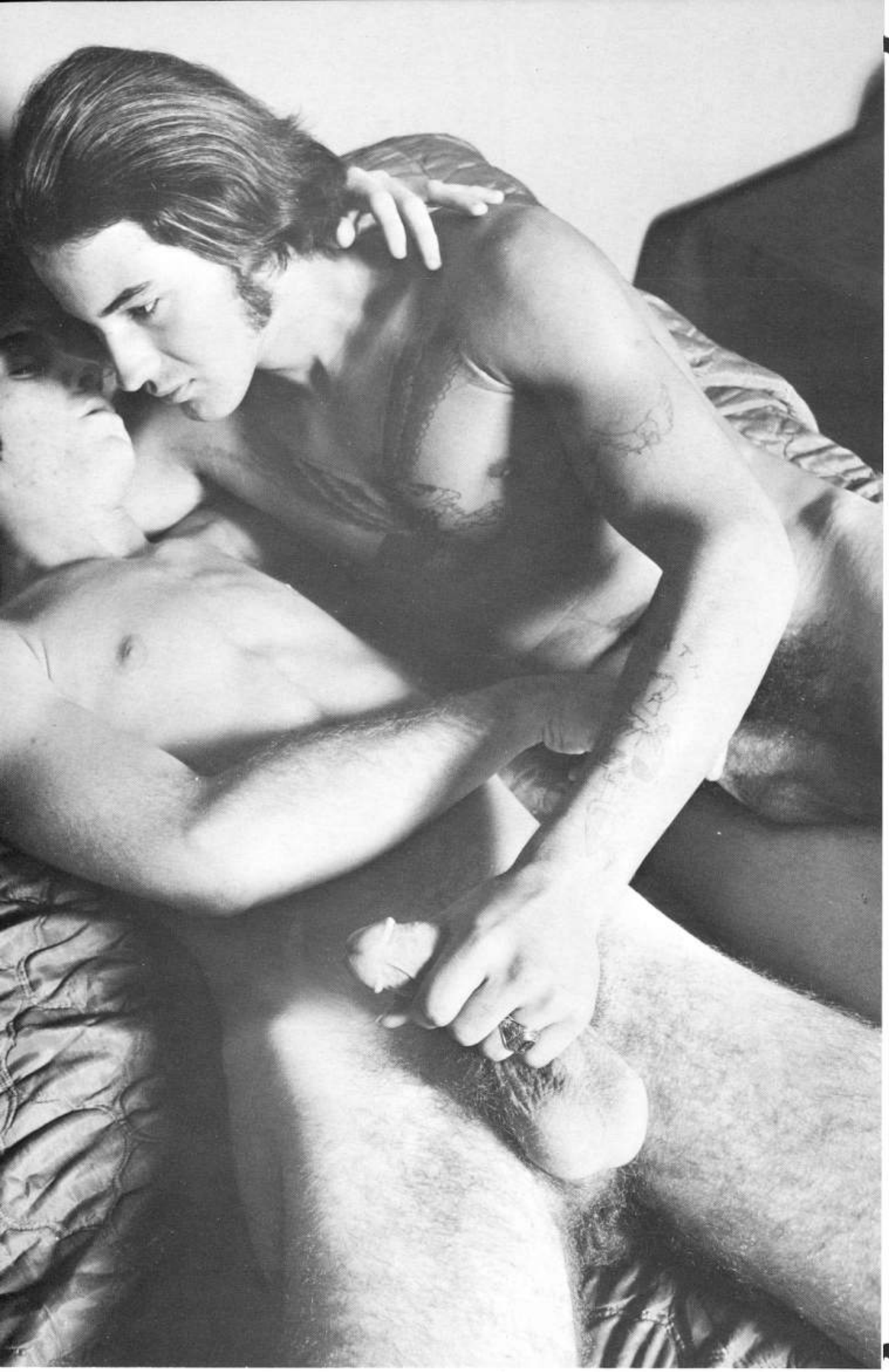
Finally the knock came at the door and I opened it to discover Jerry waiting outside, looking even better than the picture in the paper. He was real friendly when he saw that I was as young as he was. He told me later that most of his calls were for old guys who couldn't get a trick on their own and had to pay for it.

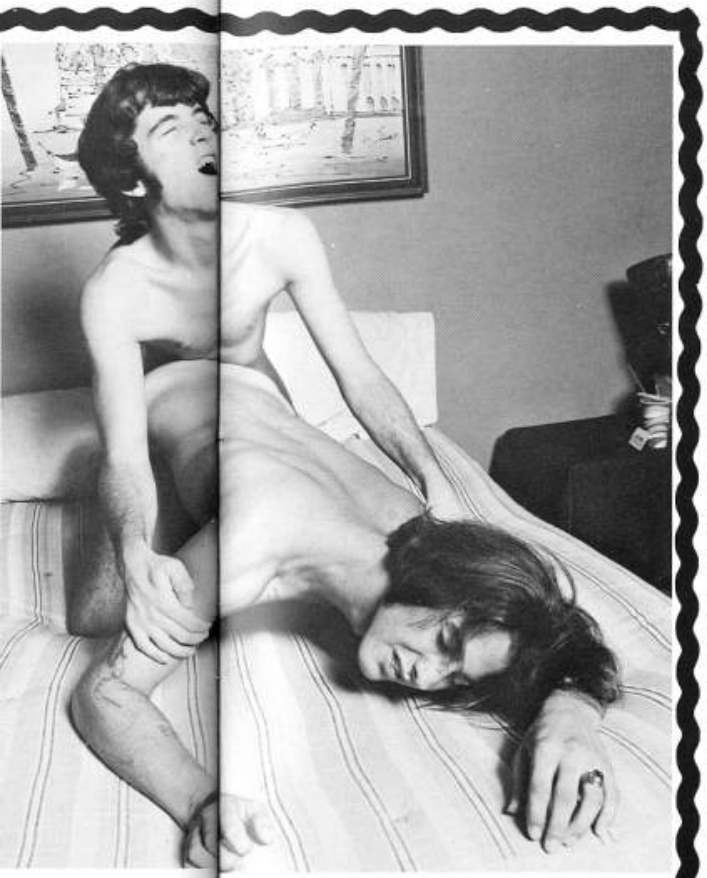
But I'm getting ahead of myself as usual. I was still pretty nervous when he first arrived, but I guess he was used to that. He talked for a few minutes and asked me where he should stand. I told him I wanted him on the seamless and he stripped out of his clothes in about two seconds and walked over to the posing area.

He really has a nice body, as you can see in these pictures, and could probably make it as a straight model. I really don't know why he doesn't try to go legit, but I guess it's because it's really hard to make it professionally.

Anyway, I picked up the camera and proceeded to "snap" away, zeroing in after the first few shots on that huge prick of his. I've never seen a bigger cock on anyone, except in some magazines and I always thought they were faked somehow. Jerry's wasn't, that's for sure.

As soon as he realized that I was





concentrating on his cock, it started to get hard all by itself. I swear I didn't touch him up to that point. I guess he's just a natural exhibitionist.

I kept getting closer and closer as his cock got bigger and bigger, until pretty soon I was so close that I couldn't possibly focus the camera. Looking through the view finder, all I could see was a big blur. But then all I had to do was lower the camera and my mouth was practically within licking distance of the head of his huge cock.

Jerry was expecting that all along I guess, because as soon as I took the camera away from my eye he reached over and pulled my mouth right onto his dick. If the camera hadn't been on a strap around my neck I'd have dropped it. And I probably wouldn't have noticed if I had.

Jerry's cock is so big that I could barely get it in my mouth. But I did. And I probably would have sucked him off right there, if he hadn't suggested that we get on the bed.

I couldn't believe that it was going so smoothly. I was sure he'd want more money to have sex and he told me afterward that he always charged extra to ball, but he was turned on by me. He said it was a pleasure to get it on with someone young for a change

and that he'd enjoyed it too much to charge for it!

Anyway it didn't take any persuasion to get me out of my clothes and into that bed with him. I don't think I've ever stripped down so fast in my life. I was out of my clothes and into that bed almost as soon as he was.

I still wasn't sure if he was just going to let me do him for trade or if he'd participate. But as soon as I crawled onto the bed he grabbed me and gave me a big kiss and from then on nature just took its course.

I couldn't wait to get my mouth around his big dick again and I just dived down there and wrapped my lips around as much of it as I could cram into my mouth. Wow, it was an experience, but it got even better when Jerry shifted around on the bed and started a wild sixty-nine with me.

I always sort of thought that anyone as good looking as he was and hung like him would just lay back and let people worship him. But not this guy. He gave as good as he got and then some. He swallowed my dick down to the root in one gulp and proceeded to show me how a pro gives head. I've never felt anything as good as his mouth on my dick before or since.

But I was really thrown for a loop when he came up for air and suggested that we fuck each other! Naturally, I wanted to feel that huge prong of his up my ass, but the last thing I expected was that he'd want me to fuck him too.

I guess I looked like I didn't believe my ears, because he even said that I should ball him first. Well, I didn't waste any time getting into position. And when my cock slid into his tight asshole it was like heaven.

I've fucked a lot of asses in my day, but none like his. It felt like it was lined with fine silk, it was so smooth and slippery. I really went crazy and pumped into him like I was afraid he'd change his mind and tell me to stop before I popped. It only took me a few seconds before I was over the hill and sliding into home. My nuts bunched up and started squirting the biggest load I'd ever shot. It felt like my insides were trying to force their way out through my cock.

Then I flopped back on the bed and Jerry mounted me like a big stallion with a fresh mare. Normally I would have been a little scared to have such a big cock crammed up my ass, but I was still so turned on that I didn't

even think about it. I wanted him even worse than he had wanted me.

It was the best fuck I've ever had. I guess what they say about big cocks is true. The bigger they are the less they hurt. There just isn't any room for a big dick to bounce around and hit the rectal walls. It can only slide in and out and fill you with meat and pleasure.

Jerry fucked me in every position I've ever tried. And every time he'd pull out to turn me a different way, I couldn't wait for him to get back in me.

By the time he came, we were both so sweaty that the perspiration was just dripping off our bodies. Jerry kept having to grab me with his hands because they'd slide off my skin. And

when I felt that big cock swell up inside me I knew without his telling me that he was about to come. It felt like his cock doubled in circumference when he shot his big load up my ass. It was like a cannon going off inside me.

Then after we caught our breath, Jerry was all business again. He pulled on his clothes, collected his fee for modeling and told me to call him anytime for another session. Then he was out the door and hurrying off to his next appointment.

John came strolling out from behind the partition where he'd been hiding, a sheepish smile on his face and a big stain running down the front of his pants. He'd gotten so excited watching us that he'd creamed his jeans. But that didn't stop him from getting some dynamite pictures as I'm sure you'll agree.

How's this for a happy ending? Jerry and I started seeing each other on a regular, nonprofessional basis about a week later. After about a month, when I realized how much he cared for me and I had already told him that I loved him, I confessed about John's and my plot. And he wasn't even mad. As a matter of fact, it was his idea to find a publisher for the pictures and my story.

This publication features fictional pictorial stories. Those not generally interested in Gay fiction, or anyone seeking to fulfill prurient interests, should look elsewhere. All pictures posed by professional models. Sale is restricted to adults where permitted by law.